

# The Evening

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## THE CURSE OF THE EVIL EYE.

Victor M. Osborne, having quarrelled with his wife's lawyer, proceeded to write him a threatening letter Wednesday in which there are these words of dire import:

"I invoke on your head 10,000 curses of Jettatura, on you and yours."

Jettatura is the evil eye, in the power of which Italians and the rural English and some Americans also, it would seem, still believe. Elworthy, writing of the superstition only ten years ago, says that in Naples the appearance of a person supposed to possess the evil eye was the signal for a stampede. They thought for years that Pope Pius IX., the best-loved man in Italy, was afflicted by it and when he passed by men made the customary sign with doubled-in thumb to protect themselves against the malign influence. And all because the Pope's eye chanced to rest for a moment on a child at a window just before the child fell from its nurse's arms to the street below.

The evil-eye superstition is probably as old as mankind. Ancient Greece had long been familiar with it, for Aristotle and Plutarch mention it. It became widely prevalent in the various countries of Southern Europe. In many European villages a mother will snatch her child away from the gaze of a stranger. The eye possessing the fatal influence is thought to blight everything on which it rests. In Theophile Gautier's romance "The Jettatura" the hero ruins every one he loves by his glance and finally tears out his eyes in frenzy.

The proper procedure for the lawyer who has been cursed by Mr. Osborne is to begin to dwindle into physical nothingness or to fall ill of a lingering mortal disease or to go insane. In order to avert this fate he must make use of one or all of the following charms against the evil influence:

Extend his right hand toward his enemy with the thumb crossed under the forefinger.

Watch for his enemy's footprints and drive a nail in one of them. The man with the evil eye will thereupon go lame and die and if his right heel is examined after death the mark of the nail will be found in it.

Make a wax image of his enemy and melt it or stick it full of pins. As it melts the man it represents will die. Greek girls thirty centuries ago made use of this device to get even with a recreant lover.

Paint an eye on porcelain and wear it as an amulet to counteract the influence of the evil eye.

Carry the horn of an animal or a piece of horn cut into the shape of a crescent. The half moons on your horse's harness had their origin as a charm in the name of the moon goddess to avert evil.

Thus fortified the lawyer may snap his fingers at the curse called down on him. And to quote from Valrus, an old writer on this topic, "Let no man laugh at these things as old wife's tales, and let no one cast ridicule on them because the reason of them passes our knowledge." No, indeed! Not as long as we patronize fortune-tellers and necromancers and palmists and Chinese wizards to learn how stocks are going next week or to get some further details about the brunette with a large fortune who is to marry us.

## THE DECAYED BURGLAR.

Where are the great burglars and other master thieves of former years? Where are the Agamemnon of the profession? "Billy" Pinkerton says that we have only low-grade crooks with us now; the geniuses are all gone. According to this famous thief catcher:

Professional crime among intelligent men is largely extinct. We have no great burglars or forgers in the United States to-day. The safeguards that have been invented against burglars practically drove all the old class out of existence. The tellers' windows are all screened in, electrical devices and steel vaults have made bank burglaries impossible and wise burglars and safe robbers have given out of business. To-day everything of that kind is clumsily done.

It is certainly difficult to give the names of contemporary burglars of the first rank off-hand. Twenty years ago any reference to bank burglary brought up the names of criminals of national fame. Such names as those of

The Hopes, "Jimmy" and "Johnny," father and son, Jimmy the star performer in the Manhattan Savings Bank job. There were six in the gang, but the Hopes dominated it. The elder was the old man for counsel and the son the young man for action. The spoils amounted to \$2,747,000 and the deed is historic in the annals of crime.

Or Langdon Moore, who, with "Harry" Howard, robbed the Concord (N. H.) National Bank and walked out with \$300,000 in an old carpet sack.

Or George Mason, who, with old Jimmy Hope, robbed the First National at Wilmington, Del., of \$53,000. Mason also had a hand in the robbery of the First National Bank of Quincy, Ill., of \$200,000 and a Milwaukee bank of \$90,000.

Or John Larney, "Mollie Matches," bank burglar and pickpocket, a slender young Achilles in woman's clothes, but an ornament to the profession. Larney was reputed to have made \$150,000 in crime.

These names were household words in the underworld and young crooks just started on a career of crime looked up to them with the respect that genius inspires. In these degenerate times who is there to compare with them? Who is there among confidence men to compare with Ross Raymond, to-day a Hindoo rajah, to-morrow a Russian grand duke, or with Orrin Skinner, son-in-law of a Senator? Is Vosburgh with all his celebrity in their class?

## JEKYLL-HYDE LIVES.

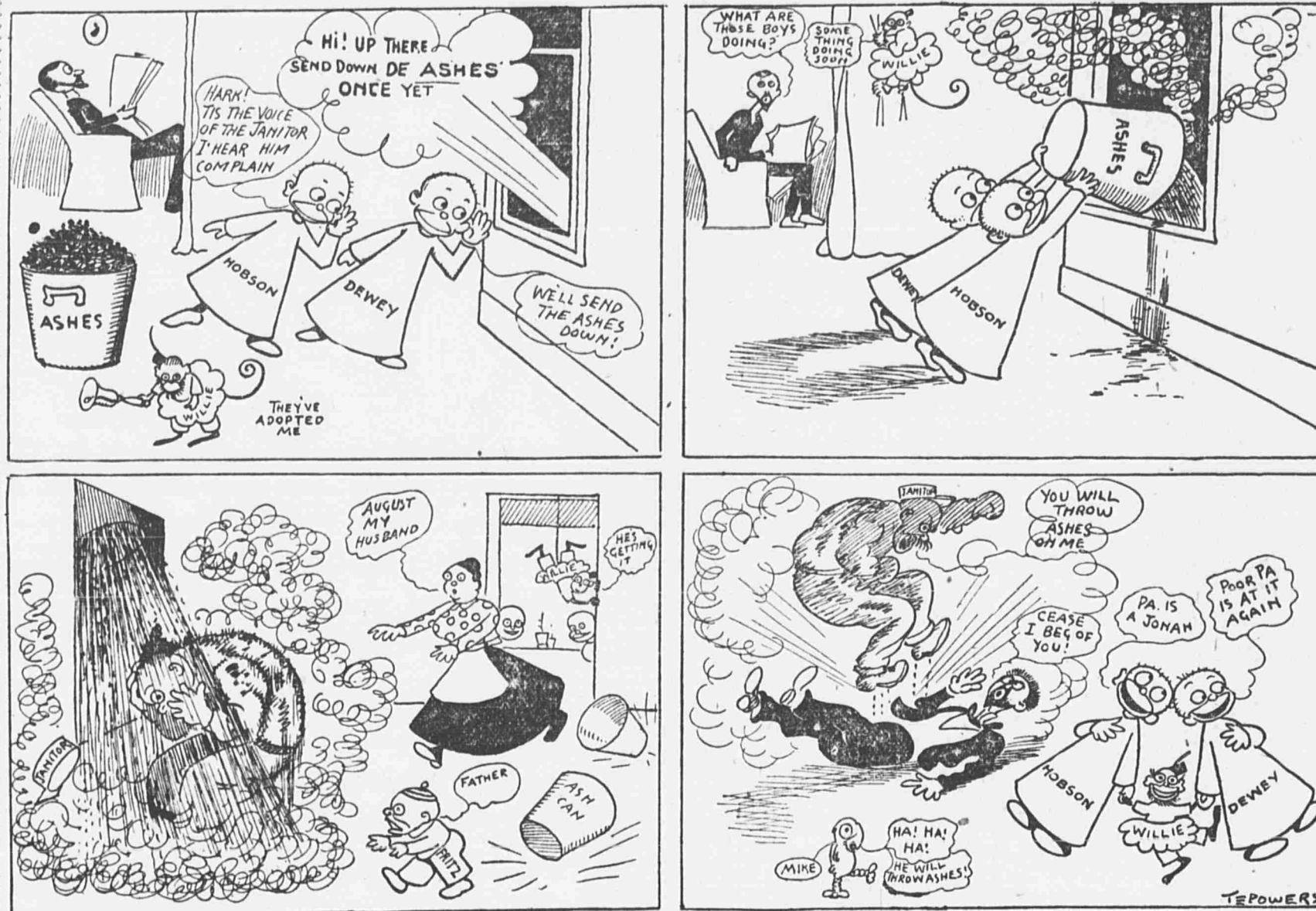
The exploits of George Dickinson, the Philadelphia who was a respectable business man by day and a burglar by night bring Jekyll-Hyde memories. They recall numerous cases of double life still fresh in the memory—those of Schrieber, the Elizabethport bank clerk; Alvord, the bank teller with his \$700,000 defalcation; Death and the other young men implicated in the Bos-schleier crime, and the more recent one of Stillman.

An interesting feature of the Dickinson case is that as with Stevenson's hero, he dressed the part. At the office he wore a neat business suit. In the evening a dress suit and when on burglary bent a costume to fit. At the time of his arrest he wore a coarse suit of mixed goods with outer skirt. Around his neck in place of a collar he had tied a red handkerchief and for his head covering he wore a cap pulled down over his ears.

Among similar manifestations of this moral insanity but of only periodical occurrence Merceur records an interesting one in a rich miserly man of good family and correct habits who for a period of three weeks every three years became lavish in his expenditures, drank to excess and consorted with low company. When the period of indulgence was over he returned to his normal condition. In this category may be put the singular case of William Bender, the rich resident of Springfield, O., who was found to be the perpetrator of several recent assaults on passersby at the night.

## The Merry Mac Twins Have Fun with the Janitor.

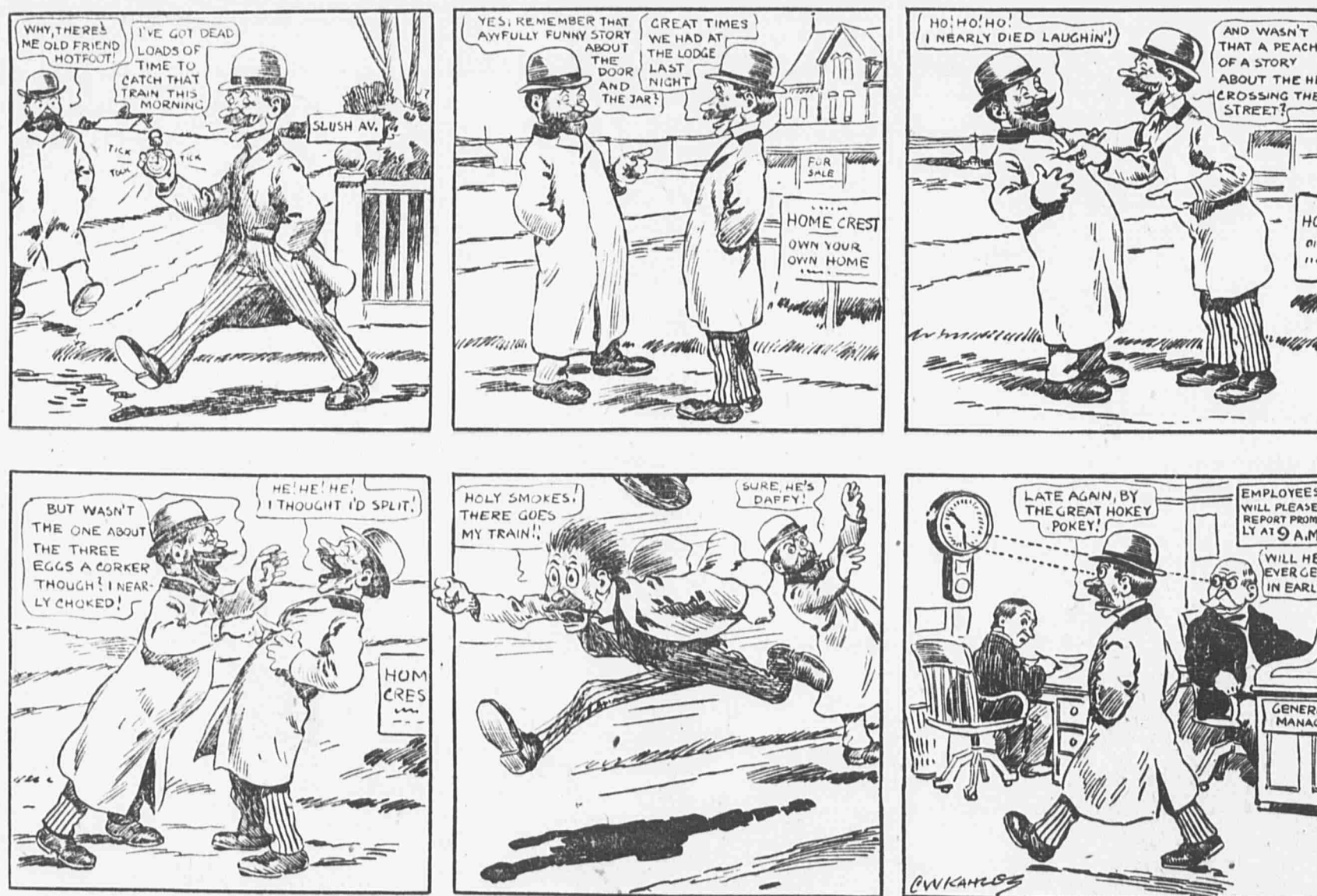
What They Did Is Here Shown by Artist Powers.



Hobson and Dewey send down the ashes and make the janitor imagine that Mount Pelee is doing a new eruption stunt in the dumb-walter shaft. When the janitor gets the cinders out of his eyes and ears he doesn't do a thing to Pa. The Twins, who have taken Willie, the monk, into their joy-manufacturing firm, never felt happier in their lives.

## Mr. Hotfoot Commuter Late at the Office Again.

Artist Kahles Shows How It Happened.



## NO OFFENSE.



"How dare you call me 'Whiskers'?" "Well, if that ain't yer name youse have no kick comin'. I wuz callin' a friend of mine."

## NO MAN'S SLAVE.

"There's a girl who would rather remain single than be the slave of any man." "But isn't she afraid of being lonesome?" "On no. She is too busy on her great book, 'How to Manage a Husband.'"

Detroit Free Press.

## CAUGHT AGAIN.



"Tommy, stop pulling the cat's tail!"

## NOT SO SURE.



Chimmie—Hello, Mickey, what cher goin' to get for Christmas? Mickey—I ain't sure, but I heard de ol' man say sumthin' about automobiles or sumptin' like dat.

## HOOSIER HEROES.

"Some of these self-made men," remarked Jinks, "deserve much praise." "Yes, indeed," replied Jenks, "some of them act truly Christian parts in being willing to take all the blame themselves."—Indianapolis Sun.

## The Man Higher Up.

He Says Jerome Is Right for Once.

"I SEE Jerome is handing out a few hot wallops to the thieves and detectives on Broadway," remarked the cigar-store man.

"Well," said the Man Higher Up, "Jerome could take all the bouquets I ever threw at him and they wouldn't make a cushion for the nose bridge of his eyeglasses, but for this once he has made a spiel that will stand the acid test."

"Do you really believe that Broadway is a thieves' parade?" asked the cigar-store man.

"I wouldn't say that," cautiously amended the Man Higher Up. "There are lots of honest people in the white illumination section of Broadway day and night, but a man who knows can spot a few crooks to every block between Twenty-sixth street and Forty-second at any time after the crooks' breakfast hour, which is 2 o'clock in the afternoon, after the racing season ends. He can spot plenty of detectives, too, but there don't seem to be any feud on between the detectives and the crooks."

"Jerome says that the Tenderloin detectives don't do a thing but stand around hotel lobbies looking for tips. He's mistaken about that. They stand around the hotel lobbies looking for clues."

"Clues to what?" inquired the cigar-store man.

"Clues to grafts," said the Man Higher Up. "A Tenderloin detective can smell a graft further than you could smell a fire in a cold storage warehouse. Say, next to being a successful con man or the proprietor of a racing information bureau, I'd like to be a Tenderloin detective."

"Talk about a sporting life. Why, compared to a Tenderloin detective, a wine agent lives in a sailors' boarding-house."

"In the first place, a Tenderloin detective don't have to settle for anything, wet or dry. The booze emporiums are as free to him as the North River is to a man hankering for suicide. And he don't have to stand up the bar boy. For his to saunter to the cashier's desk and tear up the checks. When he wants to feed his face it is only for him to choose the lobster palace he wants to brace for a handout. After awhile he gets so he thinks he's the proprietor of Broadway, and the suggestion of real work makes his feet so cold that the frost oozes through his shoes."

"And at night he covers his silk underwear with an open-face suit and butts into some hot sport from out of town that wants to go around and look at the pictures and things. Then it's to a cab and the quiet side streets as long as the hot sport is able to make a wine bin of himself. When the whole party gets spifficated the Tenderloin sleuth steers them to a Turkish bath and gets his hooks onto his commission before the ink is dry on the register."

"Don't they ever do any work?" asked the cigar-store man.

"That's their work," replied the Man Higher Up. "Sometimes they're told to go out and get a crook. They write the crook a postal card to meet them two or three days later at a certain corner, and the next day the newspapers have stories about how those brave Central Office men, Getit and Keepit, after a long chase and a desperate struggle succeeded in capturing the desperate criminal Mustache Mike, who is suspected of having robbed a candy store in San Diego."

"As for the crooks, well, this is the town for crooks. Come up-town with me some night and I'll take you into the crowded bar-rooms and show you crooks by the bale, second-story men, phony paper layers, all-round con men, pickpockets, short-card men, gentlemen gamblers, wire-tapping workers—all lines. The town is so big that they're lost in it."

"Do you think Commissioner Partridge knows about all those crooks being in town, and the way his detectives act?" inquired the cigar-store man.

"Maybe he does," said the Man Higher Up. "Maybe the King of England knows; maybe the Czar of Russia knows; maybe Mayor Low knows. You can't tell about these things."

## Letters, Queries, Answers

Many Questions on All Sorts of Subjects Answered for Evening World Readers by Experts.

### Any Toy Shop Can Give You the Address.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is there any place where broken dolls can be put together?

Mrs. M. ROWE.

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To the Editor of The Evening World: What was the place and date of the birth of Lewis Nixon, the ex-Tammany leader?

HENRY D. HARFIELD.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "Peekaboo" was Scannan's Song. A says that W. J. Scannan sang the "Peekaboo" song. B says that J. K. Emmet sang it. Which is right?

GEO. D.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What are the fifteenth and twentieth anniversaries of a wedding? A. A.

A. A.

To the Editor of The Evening World: N reply to a letter asking how I dress like an Englishman and signed "English" I would like to advise the writer of said article if he wishes to be "English in his dress" that he go to England, where he belongs. American dress is good enough for the United States. AMERICAN.

AMERICAN.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It means "Please Reply."

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of "R. S. V. P.," which is sometimes printed on wedding invitations?

SAMUEL FASTENBURG.

It stands for the French words: "Repondez, s'il vous plait," meaning "Please reply."

To the Editor of The Evening World: N reference to the article by Woodbury entitled "How I Keep the Streets Clean," I would like to advise the writer of said article if he wishes to be "English in his dress" that he go to England, where he belongs. American dress is good enough for the United States. AMERICAN.

AMERICAN.

To the Editor of The Evening World: It depends entirely on his height.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the average weight of a boy just eighteen?

H. M'CABE.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Jewelry Barred.

To the Editor of The Evening World: A says it is not proper to give a young lady a ring for a birthday or Christmas present unless the young man is engaged to her. C says it is proper. If the young lady and young man are only friends, which is correct? A. B.

A. B.

To the Editor of The Evening World: "James" in German is "Jakob."

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can you give me the name for James in German? G. TUTHILL.

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To the Editor of The Evening World: "Nellie Bly" is still living.

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